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The LAND of PROMISE AND GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY



ESTELLE
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ESTELLE RYAN SNYDER

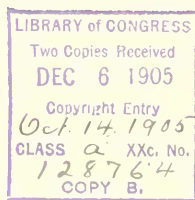
The Land of Promise and Golden Opportunity

By

Estelle Ryan Snyder

“The United States of America are destined to be
the most powerful country on earth.”—*Napoleon*

Published by Estelle Ryan Snyder
1308 Ashland Building
Chicago



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FOREWORD.



THE "Land of Promise and Golden Opportunity" foreshadows in its title the enthusiasm with which it was penned. Prepared for a delightful trip, Mrs. Snyder left Chicago June 1, 1905, to join the National Editorial Association at St. Louis, for a tour of the "Golden West." She went prepared to be pleased, as she recalled a journey through that part of the territory many years ago; she returned fairly bubbling over with pleasure, not only from the most gracious and wonderful hospitality showered upon the editors on sight-seeing bent, but at the grandeur of the scenery, and the marvelous promise of the country for those who were ready to claim the wealth and comfort awaiting them. With courage, perseverance and patience as capital to invest the "Land of Promise and Golden Opportunity" has a warm welcome for those who seek health, wealth and pleasure under its brilliant skies and amid its fertile fields. From her desire to share the magnificent tour with those who could not accompany her this little book is sped on its mission of cheer.

CAROLINE A. HULING.

Chicago, October 15, 1905.

CHAPTER I.

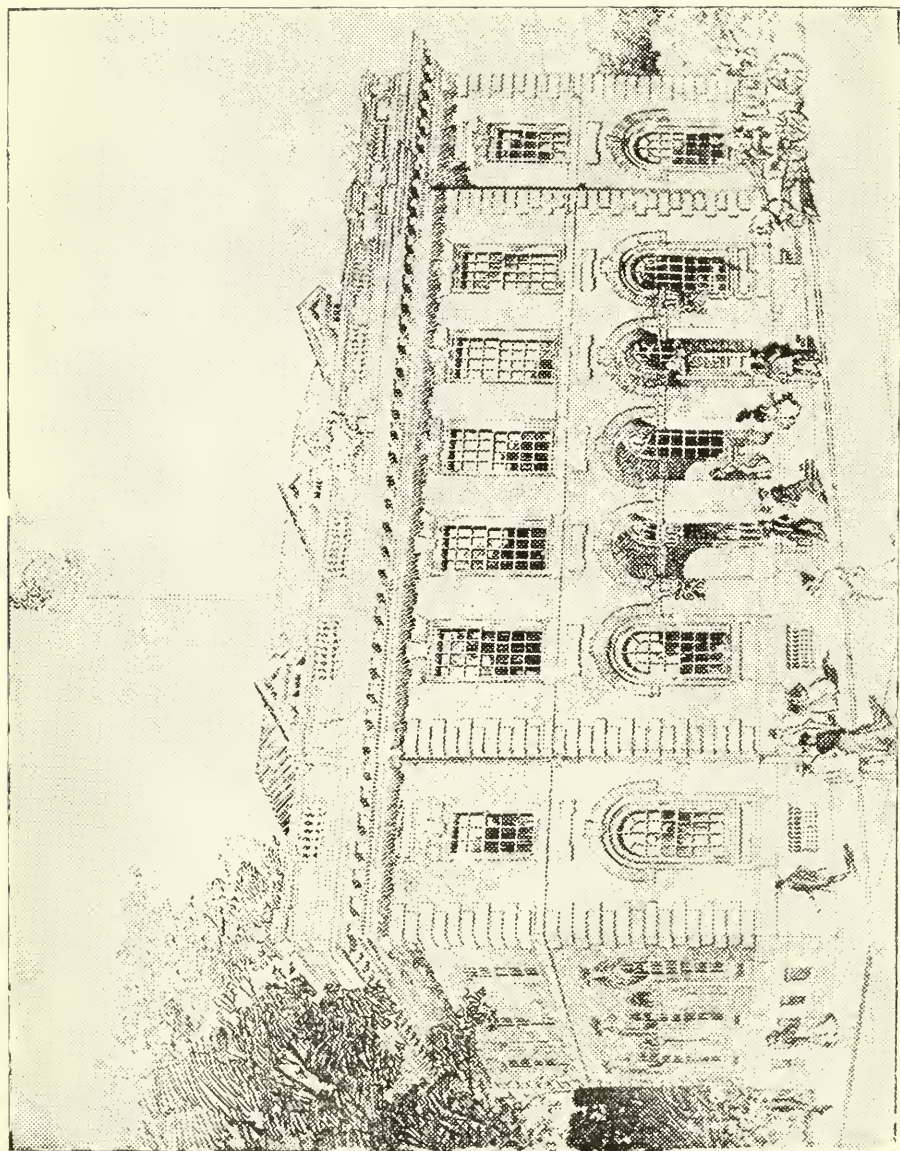
Land of the Fair God.

June 10, 1905.

ONE of the handsomest trains that ever pulled out of the Terminal Station at St. Louis, Missouri, was the National Editorial Special, which left St. Louis, June 6, at noon, over the "Katy Route." The special, which consisted of fourteen handsome Pullmans and a baggage car, was run in two sections, and carried seven hundred editors to the convention.

The special arrived at Sedalia, Mo., at eight o'clock that night, for supper, and breakfasted at Osage, Indian Territory, the next morning.

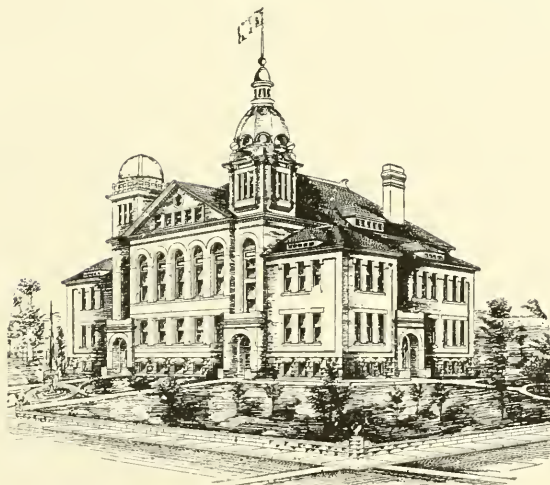
The train arrived in Guthrie, Oklahoma, at four o'clock the afternoon of June 7, after an enjoyable trip across the beautiful fertile plains of Missouri and Oklahoma. A delegation of prominent citizens met the special about thirty miles from Guthrie, and conducted the party to their city, the capital of the greatest territory in the country. The station platform was crowded with citizens, and two splendid bands were playing patriotic airs. Cheer after cheer, shouted lustily and heartily, greeted the visitors. Gay flags and bunting waved in the breeze. Guthrie had donned her holiday attire. Two hundred and fifty carriages and vehicles conveyed the editors and their wives to the different hotels prepared for their entertainment. A brief meeting was held at the Opera House, where the guests were welcomed by the mayor and several prominent citizens. A reception given by the people of Guthrie to the editors followed in the evening. The streets were ablaze with light from the hundreds of red, white and blue arc lights swung in every available place. It was a warm summer night, with but a gentle suggestion of a breeze.



Federal Building and Post Office, Guthrie, Oklahoma



Masonic Temple, Guthrie, Oklahoma



State Capitol, Guthrie, Oklahoma

Like a scene from the "Arabian Nights" was the picture presented in the ballroom in the capitol building, which was beautifully decorated with American flags, hunting, stately palms, beautiful cut flowers and a profusion of cape jessamine. Beautiful women, elegantly gowned, greeted the visitors to their city. The soft strains of delicious music drifted through the flower-laden air.

Entertainments and receptions followed each other in rapid succession. Delightful drives to the places of general interest were indulged in.

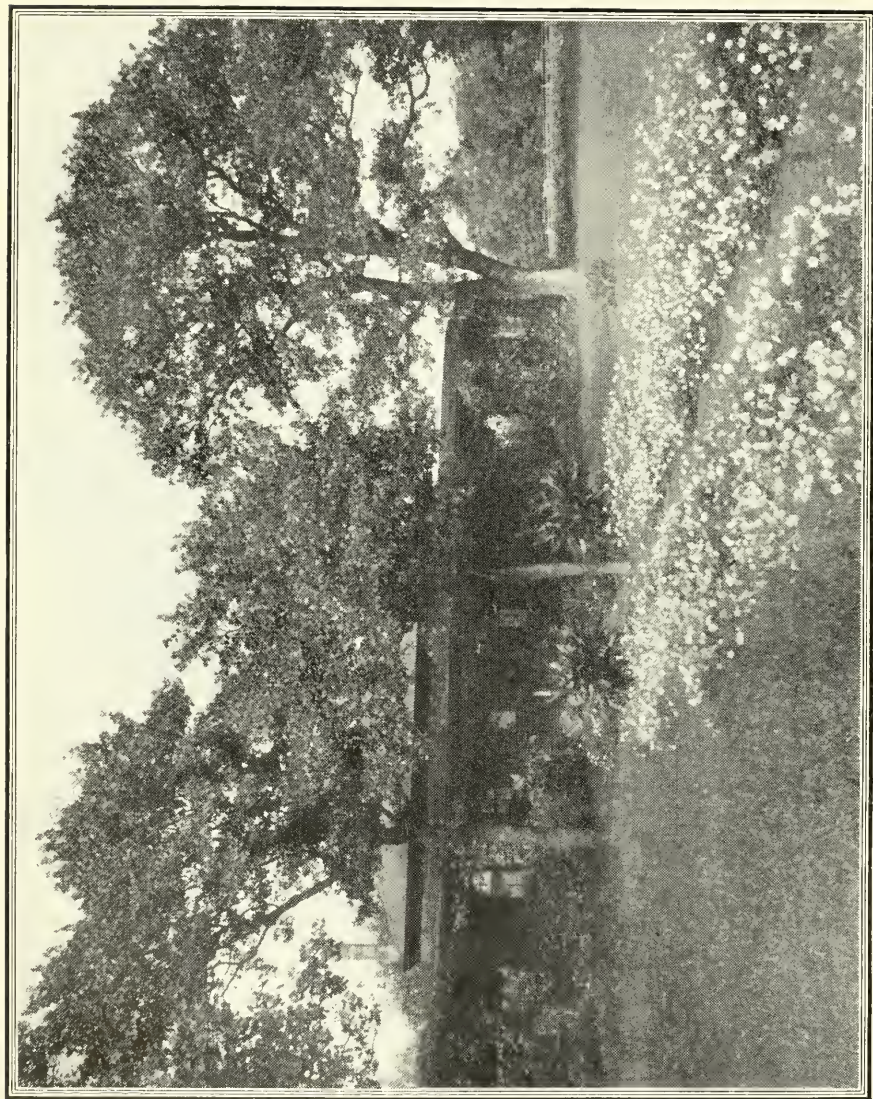
The Scottish Rite Masons gave a splendid reception in their magnificent temple, the only one of its kind in the country.

The Editorial party remained in Guthrie three days, every minute of which time was crowded with interest and pleasure. The next stop was at Enid, a thriving town about seventy-five miles southwest of Guthrie. The citizens of Enid were hospitality itself to the visitors, and the three hours spent in Enid were passed pleasantly at a brief entertainment at the Opera House, followed by a reception given by the Elks at their club rooms.

Leaving Enid the same evening, we arrived at Snyder, Oklahoma, the following morning. A terrific cyclone had destroyed Snyder but a few weeks before our passing through that country, and it was a devastated country that lay before us. Clean swept of all its buildings and residences, its fields of grain and crops utterly destroyed, barbed wire fences torn down and so interwoven with debris as to be unable to extricate but little portion of the clothing and mattresses, bedding and so forth securely pinned in the barbs, the little town presented a most pathetic and desolate appearance. Over a hundred lives were lost in the terrific storm that swept Snyder from the face of the map for a time. But it will only be for a time, for Snyder will arise again from her desolation as did historical Galveston, and in that great and glorious country she will again take her place. A brief stop was made at Lawton, the metropolis of southern Oklahoma and the capital



Street Scene, Lawton, Oklahoma



Home, Sweet Home
Residence of C. S. Wingate, Hartshorne, Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.

Courtesy Rock Island System



Watching It Grow, in Oklahoma *Rock Island System*

of Comanche county. As we were four hours late in our schedule and had only an hour's time at Lawton, this did not permit of our visiting Fort Sill, as had been planned, but our train stopped for a few minutes when near the Fort and the Fourth United States cavalry was drawn up on dress parade for our inspection.

Brief stops were made at Anadarko and El Reno. We reached Chickasha late in the afternoon and were entertained at a grand barbecue, where tables were laid for 700. The meat had all been cooked barbecue style in the open air and was delicious. We had but an hour in Chickasha, which is in Indian Territory, and a very interesting town. We were splendidly entertained at Oklahoma City, our next stop. This city had raised \$5,000 for our entertainment. Oklahoma City is a city of 35,000 inhabitants and is one of the most progressive in the territory. There is considerable rivalry between Guthrie and Oklahoma City. But the cities are much the same, both thrifty, splendid western cities and populated by energetic, progressive people. A splendid banquet at Delmar Gardens was served to our party during a frightful rain storm. From Oklahoma City we returned to Guthrie, from which point the entire party were taken to Bliss, Oklahoma, on Sunday, June 11th, where the party visited Miller Brothers' ranch 101. This ranch consists of 87,000 acres of land, most of which is rented from the Indians. Here a most unusual entertainment took place.

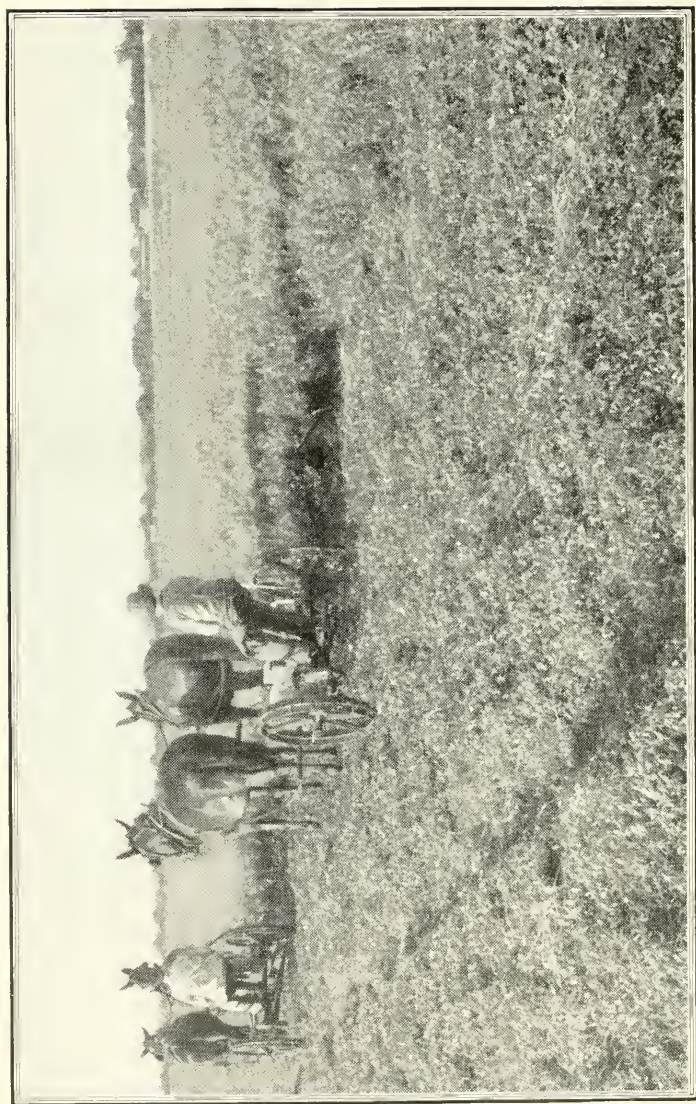
At the first streak of dawn the trains began carrying excursionists to the ranch, where a wonderful day of Indian sports and games, a barbecue of buffalo meat and a buffalo chase were to be given at noon. Forty thousand people congregated.

Imagine thousands of acres of beautiful rolling country flecked here and there with timberlands and picturesque small streams, two or three dozen spotless white tents dotting the fragrant meadowlands and hundreds upon hundreds of horses, carriages and ponies on every side. Under the largest tent of all the tables were spread for the banquet given by the



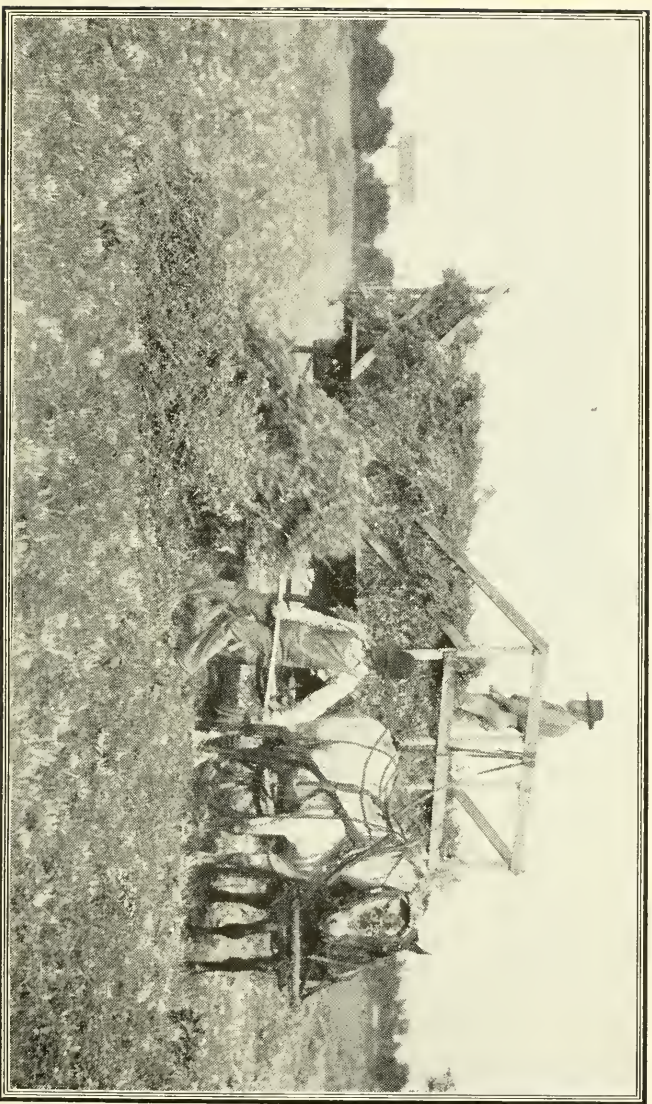
Products of Oklahoma

Rock Island System



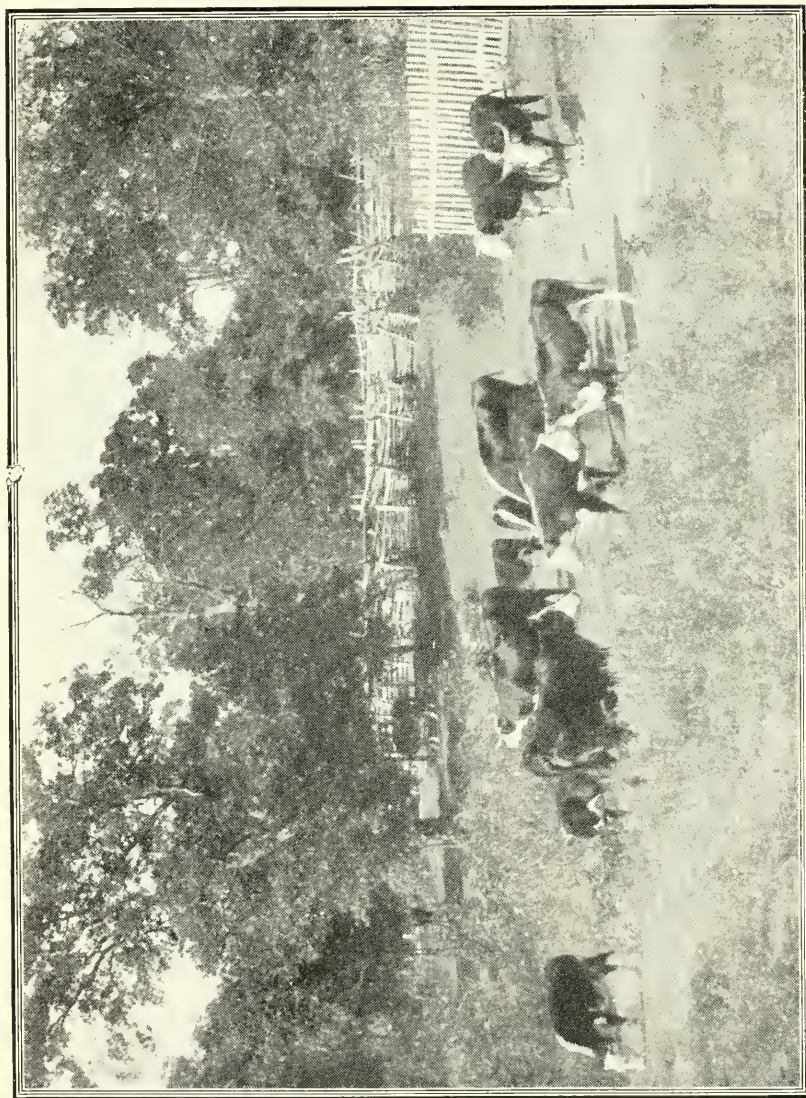
Cutting Alfalfa

Rock Island System



Loading Alfalfa

Rock Island System

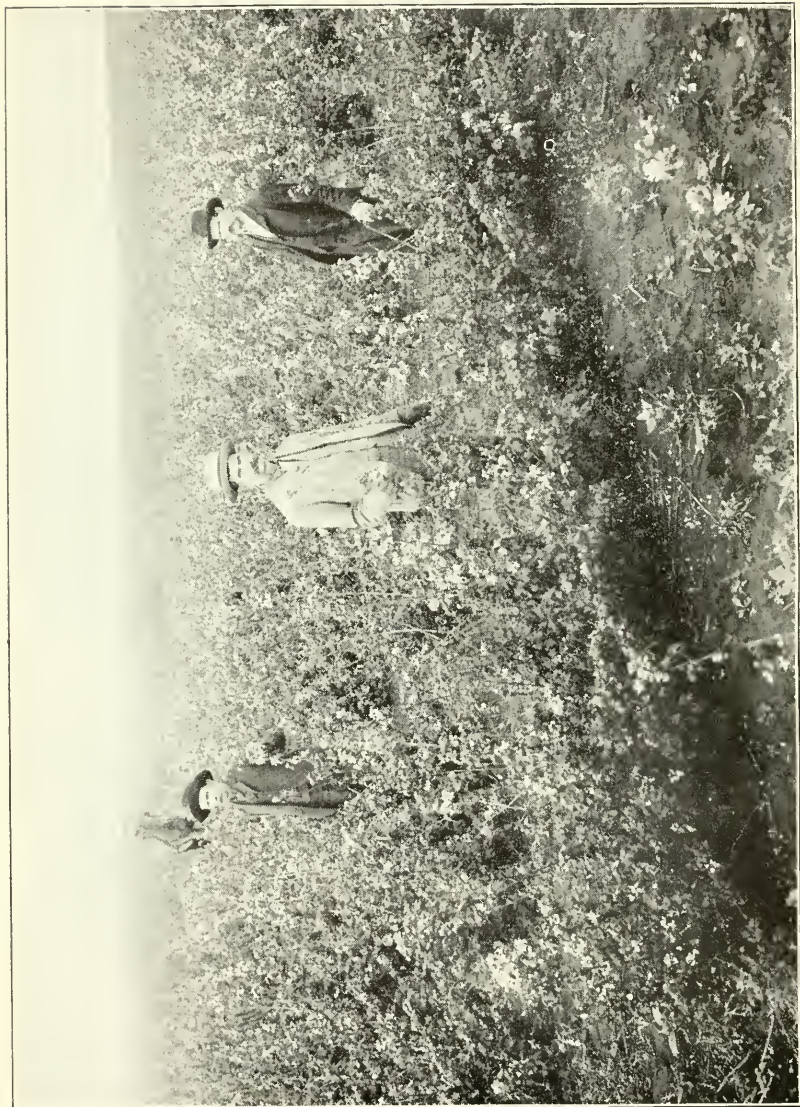


“Pale Faces” are increasing in Indian Territory

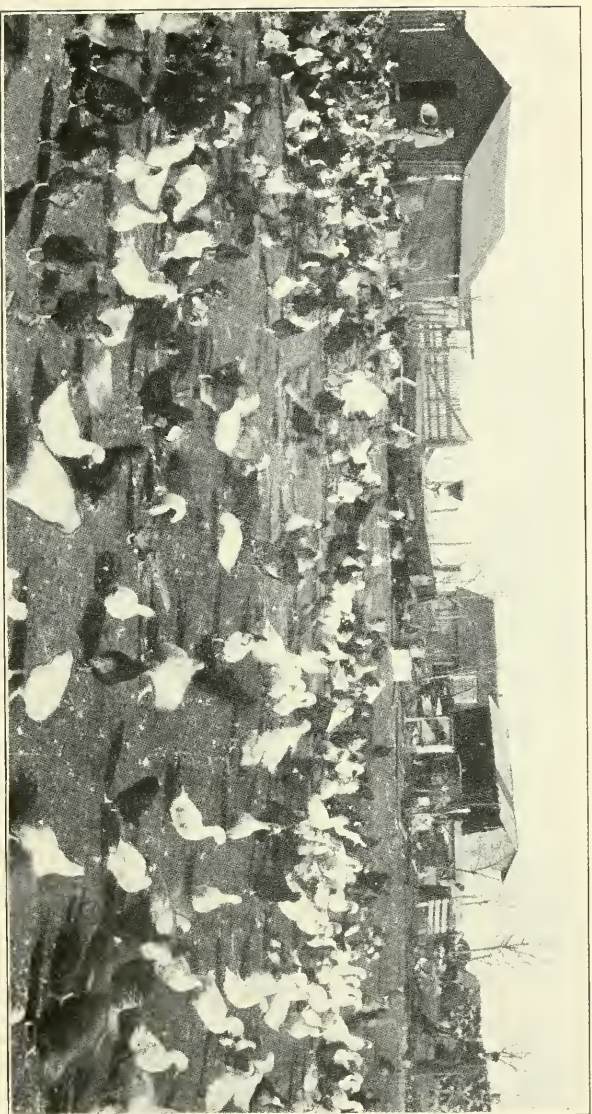
Miller Brothers to the Editors. The long tables fairly groaned with good things. Waiters passed the barbecued buffalo meat in huge washtubs. Thirty bands of music were scattered over the mammoth grounds. A grand amphitheater had been enclosed with barbed wire netting. After dinner was over the grand stand began to fill. At two o'clock the sports began. A regular wild west show followed. A splendid procession lead by Geronimo, the great Indian chief, who has been a prisoner at Fort Sill for fifteen years, guarded by soldiers. About 500 Indians and 300 cowboys took part in the program, which was most interesting. Indian games, LaCrosse and ball, roping and throwing steers, rough riding, bucking broneos, etc. The most wonderful feat of all was performed by a colored man, who caught and threw a steer by his teeth.

Leaving Guthrie the next morning about three o'clock, we arrived at Cleveland, Oklahoma, in time for breakfast and were treated to a novel entertainment by the citizens of that place. We were taken to the Ohio and Indiana Oil Company's wells, where a new oil well was "shot." This is done by placing a quantity of nitroglycerine in the well and then dropping a "go-devil" onto it. The explosion opens up the well and the oil gushes out. However, the oil well shot for our benefit was somewhat of a fizzle, for the stream shot from the well was small and lasted but several minutes. The oil industry is an important one in Cleveland. There are hundreds of oil wells in that locality, but the price of oil is so low that owners prefer waiting for a better market.

The next stop was at Tulsa, Indian Territory. Tulsa overlooks the Arkansas river valley, has a mild climate and pure water. This city of 7,200 people affords excellent schools, banks, churches, newspapers, and is growing vigorously. It has five railroads. The manufacturer here finds his raw materials right at hand, low freight rates, best labor, fuel at equivalent of coal at 60 cents per ton, and a growing market for his products.



A Blackberry Field in Oklahoma



An Oklahoma Poultry Farm

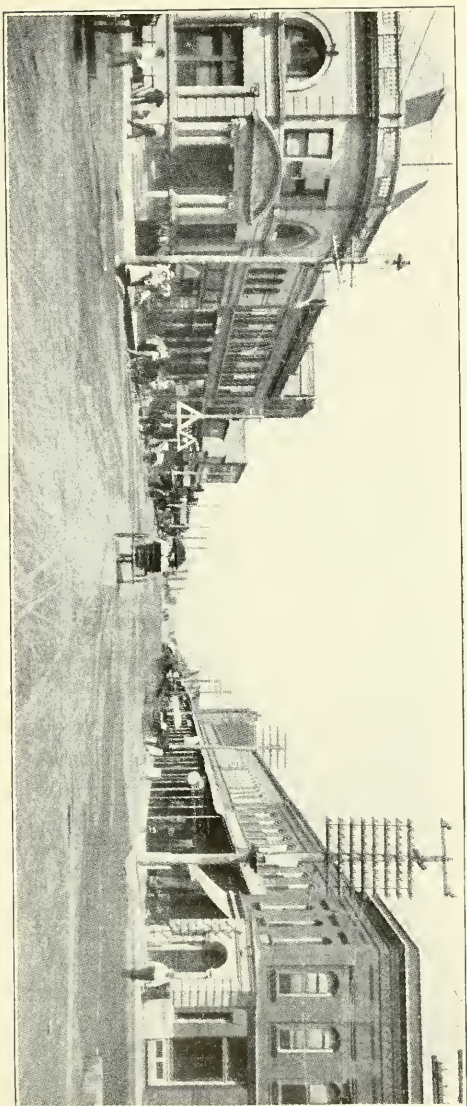
Rock Island System

At Tulsa the special was met by two hundred carriages and a brass band, and our party was escorted to a large hall and banqueted there at noon on the 12th. A brief stop was made at Muskogee for supper.

As I write this letter I can look from the car window and view this beautiful country now at its best. I passed through Indian Territory in 1889, three days before the Territory was opened, and the change in the space of sixteen years is certainly remarkable. Where great tracts of waste, overrun with Indians and outlaws, who were a menace to the civilization and development of any country, were, I find a very different condition today.

Oklahoma and Indian Territory, so long denied statehood on account of the lawlessness of the country, are now seeking the privilege of adding another star to the American flag. Here beautiful fertile hills and valleys are covered with fine herds of cattle. Waving fields of golden wheat glisten in the sun. The cotton plants are now four inches high. Her cities and towns, which have sprung up like magic, contain as fine buildings as our own at home. The women, stately and educated, men rugged, splendid and ambitious, have left the crowded cities of the states and have sought a new home, a new country. They are bringing into existence a generation of healthy, ambitious young Americans which would be a credit to any state in the Union.

These people are hampered to a certain extent by the law which gives to every Indian man, woman and child 160 acres of the best land in the Indian Nation. It makes no difference if the Indian family contains ten children, each one of those children is allotted by the Government at Washington 160 acres of the best land, absolutely free of any tax. The taxes are borne by their white brothers, who groan beneath an unnecessary burden. It has been said that the Indian was not properly treated in years gone by. That may be true, but ample atonement is certainly being made now, for they are luxuriating on the fat of the land. A race so absolutely shift-



Street Scene—Chickasha, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory

less as to be unwilling to cultivate the choice farms they own. Rather than work their acres they rent to the whites, who till them and cultivate the products of the field. This land is so rich that anything and everything may be grown on it. Alfalfa grows luxuriantly in this climate. Five crops in one year is a common occurrence.

One of the regrettable conditions of this ownership of valuable land by one family is that the Indians intermarry with the negroes very promiscuously. Now it matters not what other blood runs in the child's veins, if even one-sixteenth Indian blood can be proven the child is entitled to its 160 acres of land. This brings into existence a deplorable condition of affairs. The Indians of the Territory are all wealthy, and the Indian maidens are eagerly sought after by white men, and innumerable marriages have been the result.

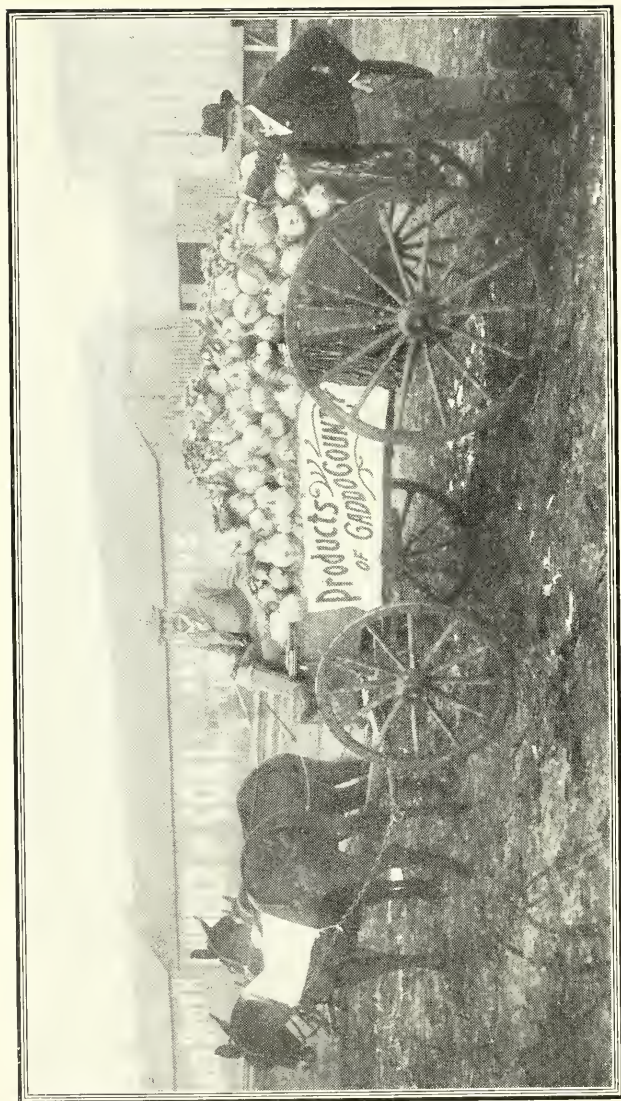
But outside of these drawbacks, Oklahoma and Indian Territory are destined to be the Mecca for ambitious men and women. With their fertile lands, their great gas and oil wells, their rich mineral wealth so long hidden in the Wichita mountains, Oklahoma and Indian Territory offer every inducement to healthy and ambitious men wishing to earn success by working for it, to go west to grow up with this splendid country.



City Hall, Guthrie, Oklahoma

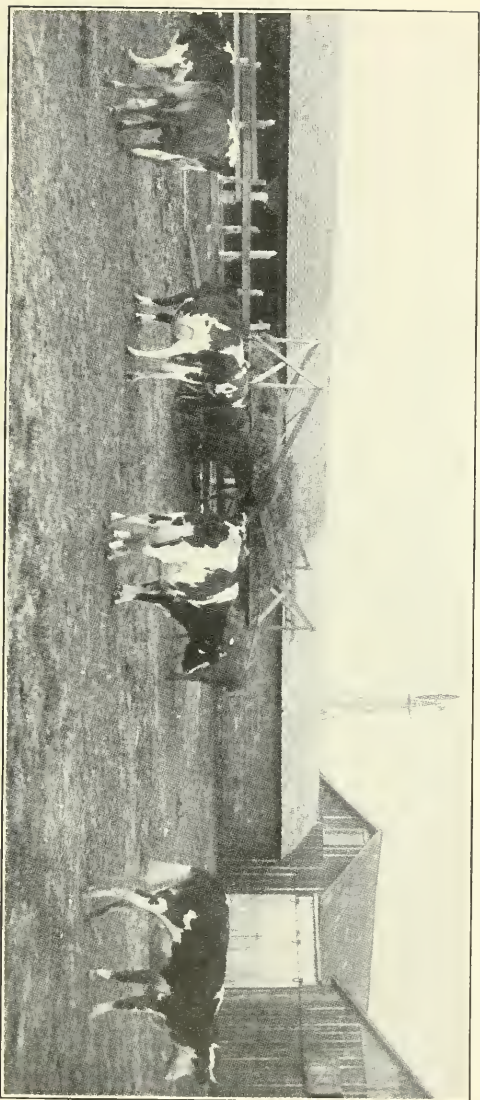


Marketing Watermelons at Anadarko, Oklahoma



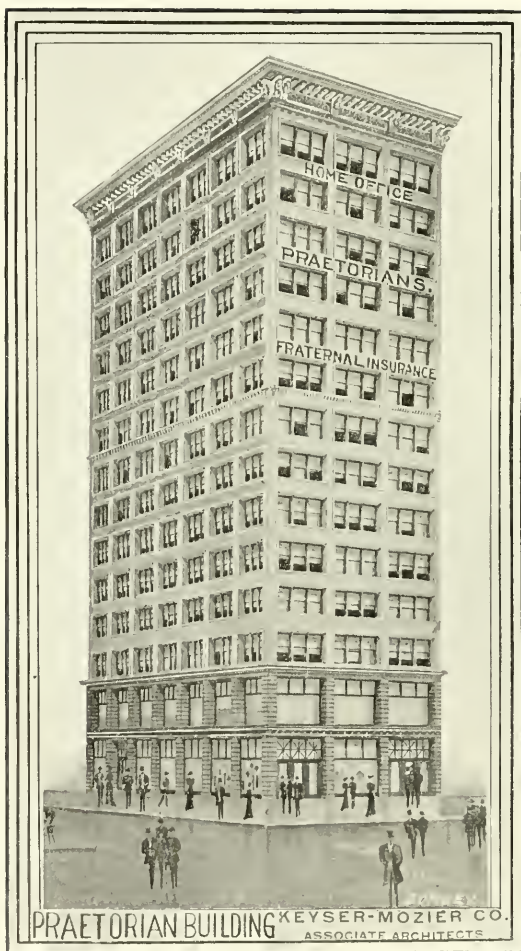
Load of turnips brought into Anadarko, Caddo County, Oklahoma, November 1st

Some of these turnips weighed as high as twenty pounds apiece



Dairy Cows on farm near the "Big Pasture" in the Caddo-Kiowa
and Comanche country, Southwest Oklahoma

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Dallas, Texas

Courtesy 150,000 Club

CHAPTER II.

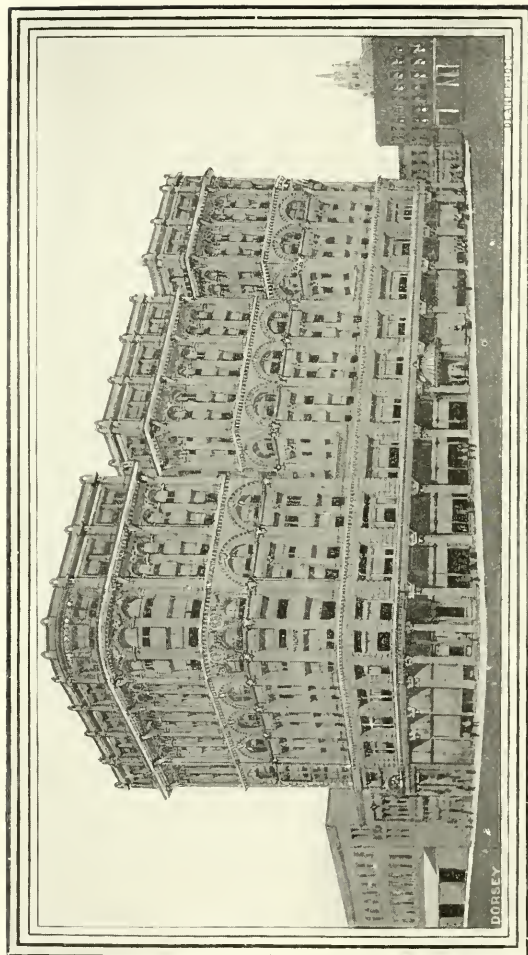
The Lone Star State.

June 12, 1905.

WE are now traveling across one small section of the great state of Texas, the home of the pioneer cattlemen. The magnitude of this wonderful state can be imagined when I state that we will cover 1,500 miles from Denison, Texas, to El Paso, and have merely skirted the border of this immense tract of land. It is claimed here that Texas is larger than Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania put together. We have passed through the great oil and natural gas well belts. Texas produces one-third the sugar output of the world and twenty per cent. the output of cotton.

The first city in Texas that we stopped at for any length of time was Dallas. It is a splendid city of 100,000 inhabitants. Handsome public buildings, beautiful, spacious southern mansions and a fine park, add to the natural beauties of this thrifty city, whose boast it is that the next census will reveal a jump from 100,000 to 150,000 inhabitants. Our train was met at Dallas by the prominent business men of that city and a brass band, and our party was escorted to the Commercial Club, where an impromptu reception was held. An hour later four special electric cars conveyed us to the fair grounds, where a bounteous luncheon was served. A vaudeville performance followed, interspersed with speeches by the mayor and several other prominent Texans. In the afternoon the ladies of the Elks Lodge gave a reception and musicale to our party in their magnificent club house. This is the finest Elks home that we have had the pleasure of visiting. We spent a day and an evening in Dallas.

We arrived at Houston, Texas, the next day. The number of fine magnolia trees to be found there has caused it to be called the Magnolia City.



150,000 Club, Dallas, Texas

Courtesy of 150,000 Club

We visited Magnolia Park and saw some splendid trees covered with the unsurpassed blooms. The flower is similar to our water lily but much larger, being the size of a dinner plate. The odor is clinging and pungent, of such heavy fragrance as to make it nauseating in a short time.

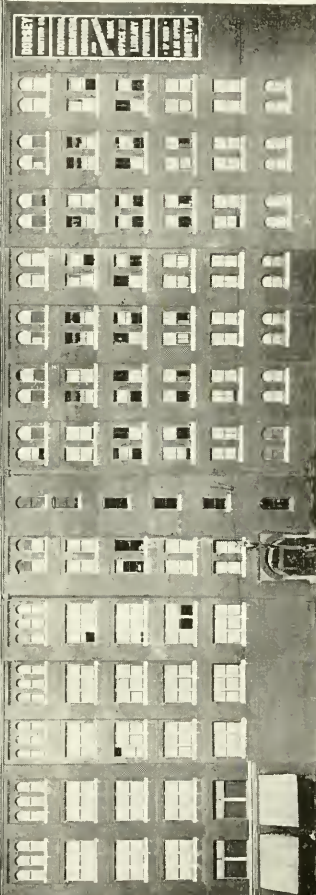
Houston is a splendid city and located in the center of the cotton belt. We visited her great cotton warehouses and saw cotton handled in every stage from the raw material to the finished product ready for shipment.

At Harrisburg Park, under the shade of fine oak trees luxuriantly draped and festooned by nature with great ropes of greyish moss peculiar to that portion of the country, a Lountiful luncheon had been laid, and our party did ample justice to the collation while listening to a fine address by a prominent judge of that city.

Leaving Houston at six in the evening, we arrived at San Antonio the following morning. The scene here surpassed our wildest dream or imagination of the picturesque. Narrow, winding streets, low houses of Spanish architecture with broad porches extending to the curbing, beautiful plazas, or squares, as we would call them at home, most artistically laid out, presenting for the edification of the public the handsomest rare plants to be found in tropical or semi-tropical countries. There are twenty-one of these parks and plazas in San Antonio, the majority of them within easy reach of the center of the city, and all told embrace 327½ acres. Winding and well kept drives through groves of oak and pecan trees reach and skirt the San Antonio river and lakes. The aim has been to preserve the natural beauty of the park, but as restful features, available sections have been terraced in miniature and decorated with rare plants and flowers, which impregnate refreshing breezes with most delicate perfumes.

But it was not the beautiful parks and plazas that we came to San Antonio to see. It was the wonderful, world-renowned, historical Alamo.

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— **BROADSIDE VIEW OF A GREAT SHOP - IT'S IN DALLAS** —

San Antonio was settled in 1689. The Alamo, Alamo Plaza, was built in 1718.

Governor Antonio Cordero was the first of four governors to occupy the Governor's Palace. He was tried for treason, executed, and his head was placed upon a pole where the city hall now stands.

The Veramendi Palace was occupied by Governor Veramendi, who was the father-in-law of Colonel James Bowie.

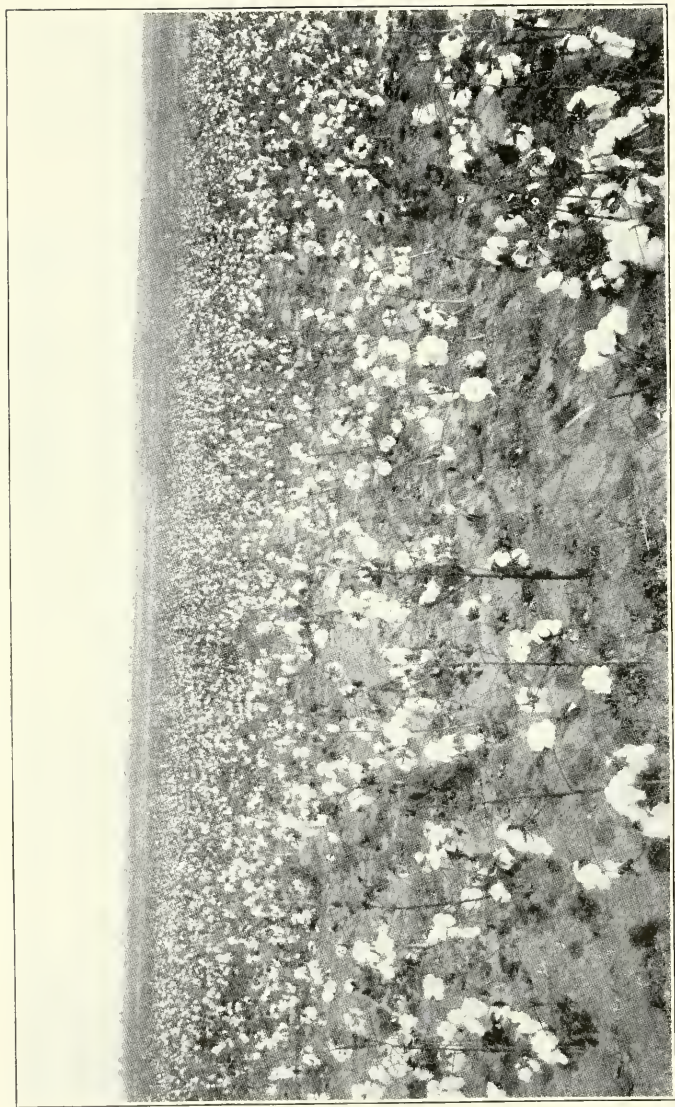
Eight battles for the independence of Texas were fought in and around San Antonio between the years 1776 and 1836.

Santa Anna invaded San Antonio February 23, 1836, in command of a force estimated at from 4,000 to 6,000 soldiers, and Colonel Travis and his men were driven into the Alamo, the Travis force consisting of but 188 men. After a siege of eleven days the Alamo fell on March 6, 1836, and the entire garrison was killed and their bodies burned. Colonel W. B. Travis, James Bowie, Davy Crockett, J. B. Bonham and J. Washington were the officers defending the Alamo.

The battle of San Jacinto was fought on April 21, 1836. "Remember the Alamo!" was the slogan. Santa Anna was at last defeated and captured, which ended the war and gave Texas independence.

At an early day retreat might have been made with some losses, but the heroic band believed their death would serve their country better than ignoble flight. And it will be noted that while the number besieged originally was but 150, yet during its continuance thirty-two others fought their way in to share the closing massacre. At the end of eleven days the sacrifice was completed—all dead!

Travis, the commander, fell at his post of duty on the wall; Bowie, in bed so sick he could not rise to receive the bayonet thrust of the foe, was murdered where he lay; David Crockett, the famous, died behind a rampart of assailants he had slain. There was no chivalrous recognition of valor; the last defender died. On the monument Texas has inscribed: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."



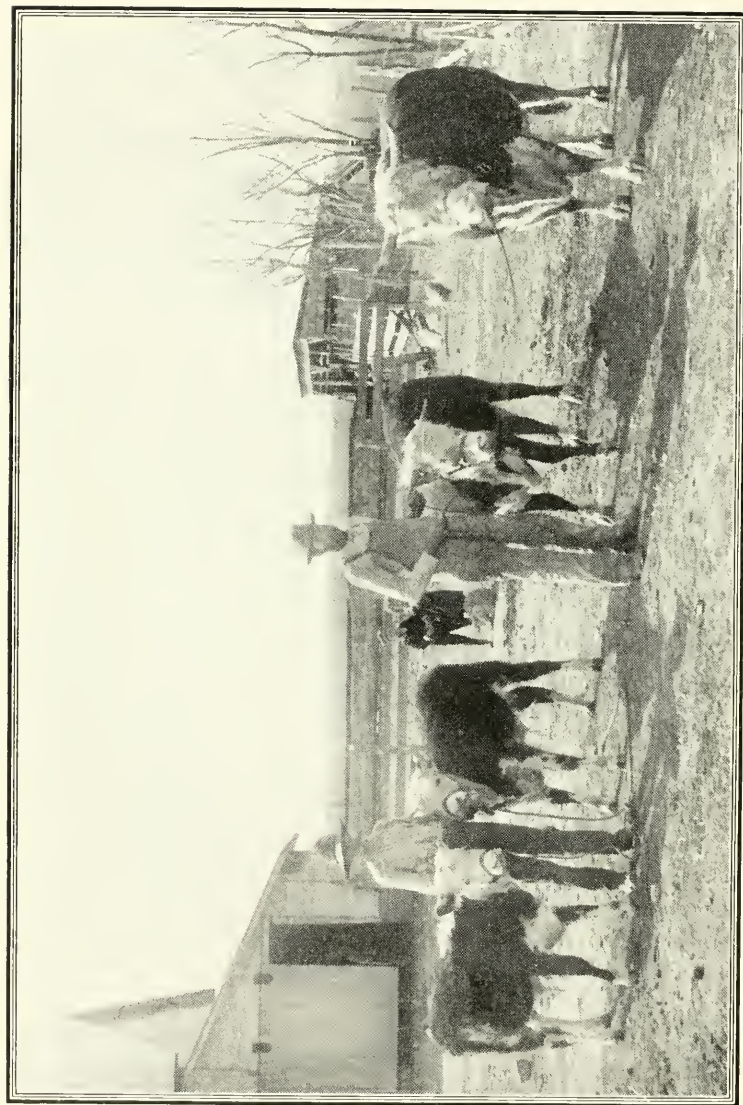
A Cotton Field in Texas

It is evident that the tragedy enacted within the walls of the Alamo that day fired the heart of patriotism, for shortly after the Lone Star waved in triumph.

Last but not least we visited the old Spanish missions. San Juan and San Jose. These ruins are in excellent condition when the length of time that has passed since their construction by the Indians two centuries ago is considered. They are built of cement. San Jose has some beautiful carving on the cupola and lintels. Great pecan and pepper trees shade the mission. For a pittance a guide shows the tourist everything of interest. We walked through the crumbling corridor where the monks were wont in years gone by to pace to and fro, telling their beads and reading their breviaries. A green and mottled lizard wriggled in our lead and a big horned toad blinked at us lazily from a convenient rock, where he sat sunning himself. The air was heavy with the fragrance of the tropics. The Christ painted on the mission walls is nearly obliterated by the hand of time. The great cement oven is fast falling into decay.

We took a trolley ride to Fort Houston, the second largest fort in the United States, having a standing army of 2,500 men.

From San Antonio to El Paso we passed through some wonderful scenery. Great cactus plants of every species and gigantic palms were growing wild. Mile after mile of mountain ranges lift their blue, hazy peaks to the hot, pitiless sun shining from the bluest of blue skies.



Texas, Farmyard

Rock Island System

CHAPTER III.

El Paso, the Gateway to Mexico.

June 16, 1905.

A TRACT of land from ten to twenty miles wide, traversing New Mexico from north to south. Within this valley are located the thrifty cities of Albuquerque, San Marcial, Las Cruces and El Paso. The rapid growth of these cities establishes the fact—without a question of a doubt—of the wonderful producing quality and fertility of the soil in this valley. The Rio Grande river, however, is somewhat irregular and uncertain in its flow, and cannot be depended upon to furnish all the water needed for irrigation. The river supply is therefore supplemented by pumping from the inexhaustible and constant underflow, which passes down the valley and underlies all the irrigable land within a few feet from the surface.

When properly irrigated the soil is capable of producing a greater variety of vegetables, fruits and grains than any other portion in this section of the country.

The altitude of El Paso is 3,800 and gradually rises to 5,000 feet at Albuquerque.

The climatic conditions are nearly perfect. Thousands of invalids come here yearly, returning to their homes so benefited in health that they are living testimonials of the wonderful healing properties of this climate.

El Paso, formerly Paso Del Norte, the pass of the north, going from Old Mexico to New, has a virile business life; its people are aggressive and wide awake. There are many noble public buildings, United States custom house, and court buildings, and some beautiful residences. At the foot of Mount

Franklin is a colony of tents. It is called Consumption Villa, as it is the home of health-seeking people. The climate is nearly the same the year round.

Forty miles west of El Paso are beds of lava from prehistoric volcanoes, which, and the old crater, are visible to the south.



A Mexican Cane-Vender
Courtesy "National Lines of Mexico"

CHAPTER IV.

“Mexico es el pais mas y mas hermoso en el Mundo.”—Gen. Grant.

LATE in the afternoon of June 16th, we arrived in El Paso, Texas. A Mexican brass band met our party at the train and escorted them by special trolley cars across the Rio Grande River, the dividing line between Texas and Old Mexico, to the quaint little town of Juarez.

We were taken to the custom house, where the mayor and the prominent citizens of the city held a reception. The reception rooms of the custom house were beautifully decorated with flowers. Two dozen or more handsome senoras of the purest Castilian type received the visitors. Dainty little señoritas flitted in and out of the gay throng, dispensing refreshments. These women were the wives and daughters of Mexico's highest dignitaries, and representative of the highest type of culture and refinement in Mexico.

After the reception we were allowed to stroll at will, through the quaint, narrow, crooked streets of the city.

We were much interested in the houses, which are mostly of adobe. They are square and box-like in shape and flat on top. There is an interior court or plaza where beautiful flowers and palms are grown. Some of the wealthiest people live in adobe houses, as they are the most practical for that climate. The walls, which are from six to twelve inches thick, exclude the heat, making these residences very cool and pleasant inside.

The Bull Ring is in the heart of the city. It is a large amphitheater where the bull fights are held. The building will accommodate 8,000 people, and is a fine adobe structure sur-



General Taylor's Hospital Tree, Battlefield of Buena Vista, near Saltillo

Courtesy "National Lines of Mexico"



Plowing with a Wooden Plow

Courtesy "National Lines of Mexico"



Courting in Mexico

Courtesy "National Lines of Mexico"

rounded by a high wall of the same material. Fastened to the gate was a placard announcing a great bull fight for the following Sunday.

The streets are crowded with the funniest little low-ceilinged curio stores, where beautiful trinkets are on sale. The most unusual curios are seen in these quaint little shops. Beautiful mottled wildcat pelts, armadillo baskets made from the entire animal, the shell back forming the basket, the tail, which is thrust in the mouth of the animal, forming the handle.

We remained but two hours in Janrez, returning to El Paso. The Rio Grande is very high and has again overflowed its banks. It is not a picturesque stream, being muddy and filled with whirlpools and rapids.

Our entire trip through Texas was filled with interest and most enjoyable, made doubly pleasant by the fact that the locomotives used on the railroads are oil-burning machines, using oil for fuel instead of coal, hence there are no cinders to incommode the tourist, and the sight-seeing from open car windows is a pleasure, free from the dust and grime of ordinary travel.



Irrigating Canal, Phoenix, Arizona



An Arizona Date Palm

CHAPTER V.

The Great Arizona Desert.

June 18, 1905.

ON leaving El Paso, Texas, we crossed the great Arizona desert, which lies between Texas and California. Leaving El Paso in the evening, at sunset we passed through beautiful mountain ranges, towering on either side like gigantic sentinels. Slowly the crimson sun sunk behind the rugged rock-ribbed mountains, painting as with an artist's brush wielded by an immortal hand, great shafts of richest crimson, gold and purple rays. After several hours of glorious twilight, the moon arose behind the snow-capped peak of a distant mountain, lighting up the scene with the magic touch of a fairy wand. Softly and silently in the bright moonlight, a beautiful fleecy-white cloud floated over the crest of the snow-peaked mountain, and, like the soft, white hand of a babe nestling in its mother's bosom, it lay lovingly and contentedly in the grand old mountain's embrace.

The scene changes in the morning. The mountains are gone, and in their place are great, ever-shifting sand dunes that lift their glistening peaks to the hot-pitiless sun that fairly dazzles the eyes with its fierce rays. Beautiful palms and weird species of cacti can be seen on all sides. A little mound of stones with a small wooden cross tells its own pathetic story of folded childish hands.

The ground is a dull, dead gray mixture, part sand and part alkali dust. Vegetation is encrusted with the grayish dust of the desert. The air is like a blast from a furnace. The dust sifts into the car windows in spite of every precaution. The windows and doors are kept closed or the ride would be unendurable. It is almost unbearable at that, as the cars are



Young Indian Woman and Papoose

hot and the air soon becomes stifling. A window is opened in desperation, but is closed as quickly after one blast of the desert's scorching breath.

Tucson, the beautiful Arizonian metropolis of the desert, comes like a draught of cool water to the parched traveler. It has a history rich in anecdotes of the Spanish conquerors and of the American invaders who came to the southwest after the Gadsden purchase. Its climate is superb. The dry air and altitude make it a natural sanitarium for those affected with throat and lung troubles. The Roman Catholic sisters maintain a complete hospital and sanitarium just west of the city, for tubercular patients.

Although a lively frontier town in those days, Tucson was not destined to become an important point until the Southern Pacific railroad arrived in the year 1884. This event quite naturally revolutionized the frontier post; new industries were established, the rich mining country around Tucson was opened up, and the soldiers having pacified the Indians, marched away. But for all of this the old Mexican pueblo still retained its relics of the past, its narrow streets lined with adobes remained unchanged, and the large Mexican population clung to the old customs. It has only been in the past few years that Tucson has emerged from a somewhat obscure past to find herself a modern city in every sense of the word—a great business center and the metropolis of a rapidly growing territory, rich in natural resources.

While the history of the early days in Tucson is a remarkable one, the story of her recent transformation from a quaint old Mexican pueblo to a modern American city is not less marvelous. In the past few years the city has been practically rebuilt, but the many new structures have not taken from Tucson her foreign flavor, as the designers have preserved in these new buildings the most picturesque features of the Mexican architecture, and many of her new buildings are of Aztec design.

Tucson is the healthseeker's paradise, and accommodates more tourists during the year than probably any other city in the United States.

Another day of desert travel and we reach Yuma, Arizona, said to be the hottest place in America. Any number of adobe huts can be seen from the train. Native women and children clamor among the passengers at the depot, trying to sell souvenirs. They are a motley throng with their swarthy faces and coal black hair. Yuma is a stock-raising and agricultural city.

The departure westward from Yuma for five miles is through a bush-covered river valley with huts here and there, comprising part of an Indian reservation. Colorado river is a pleasant sight at the southward. The way is then through a section of barren, pebble-strewn hills, the conspicuous mountain called Pilot's Knob in the near vicinity at the south.

Five miles east of the station of Volcano the train leaves a remarkable depression, the bed of an ancient sea. This volcano station named itself through a spring of sulphuric mud and water of temperature to suggest internal fires. It is said that one adventurous person who wanted to know too much traversed the elastic and yielding crust until the growing heat had penetrated the soles of his footwear and given him burns that nearly made him a cripple for life.

A few miles farther on we reach Salton. The feature here is the salt production. On the south side may be seen a number of buildings for handling and storing the salt, and there are huge piles of it in the crude state. A tramway leads to a lower level, where the salt is garnered. The concentrated brine rises through the earth in a capillary way, the liquifying water is driven off by solar heat, and a crust of comparatively pure table salt forms in readiness for the saltman's scraper or plow. It is hard to realize that in early days the ocean surface was 263 feet above your head.

Through some curious phenomena of nature a great portion of this salt bed is now inundated unexpectedly and without apparent cause. It is called Salt Lake, for a great sea of water nearly forty miles long and several miles wide covers this great salt bed, and has destroyed millions of dollars' worth of machinery and property. It has only been within the last six months that this phenomena has reappeared.





Capistrano Mission, between Los Angeles and
San Diego, California

Courtesy Rock Island System

CHAPTER VI.

California the Beautiful.

June 20, 1905.

OUT of the great gray waste of the desert, Riverside, California, greets the tourist like a glimpse of paradise.

The city itself is surrounded by great orange groves, the trees of which are always covered with fruit and blossoms at the same time. We had the unique experience of plucking oranges, figs and lemons from the trees. Riverside is a city of beautiful avenues bordered by magnolia, pepper and palm trees, accented here and there by ornate and stately residences.

Sixty miles from Riverside is Los Angeles, the metropolis of southern California, boasting of 170,000 inhabitants. Projected on lines of beauty with curves and angles, streets well paved and cleanly, traversed by commodious cars, beautiful parks, handsome residences and fine public buildings, it is the Mecca of southern California.

Pasadena, the home of wealth, is probably the most artistically beautiful city on this continent. Residences of grandeur, semi-tropical flowers and trees all combine to produce a second Eden. Here the traveler sees hedges of geraniums from six to ten feet in height. Roses of every color and description fill the air with their delicious perfume. What we call ribbon-grass in the middle west grows to a height of twelve feet in California. Acres of land are devoted to the cultivating of calla lilies. It is a beautiful sight to pass through these great fields of lilies, a sea of white blossoms. We traversed about three miles through one immense tract of land devoted to the cultivation of sweet peas of every color and variety.



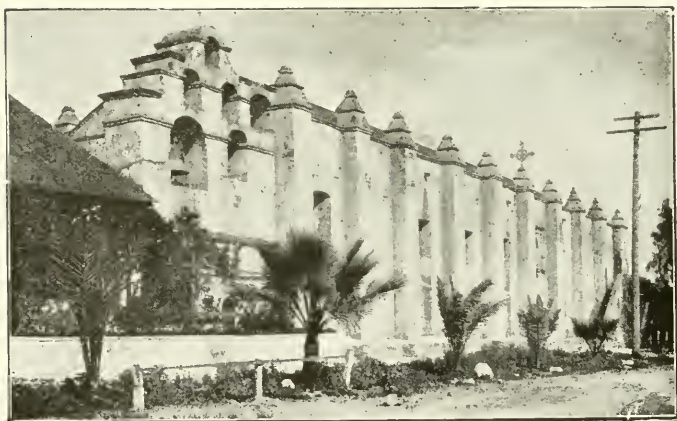
Garden Scene, Hotel Del Monte

Mount Lowe is reached by electric cars. We found the trip most unique and a novel experience. The instep of the mountain's foot being reached, the cable incline railway gives safe and exciting transit to Echo Mountain House, 3,500 feet above ocean level. Upward 1,500 feet by railway we reached "Ye Alpine Tavern." If the tourist desires to reach the actual summit he must traverse the rest of the way by saddle animals to mountain fastnesses that shall feast the imagination with its marvelous grandeur. A most spectacular and thrilling trip.

From Los Angeles we took a run over to San Pedro, which is a quaint, thrifty seaport town, twenty-seven miles from Los Angeles, of which it is the harbor. The original harbor was at Santa Monica, where for half a decade the ocean commerce of Los Angeles had centered. In reality there was no harbor there; it was merely an open roadstead, until the Southern Pacific Railway built a long breakwater and thus furnished all the shelter necessary under ordinary circumstances. But commercially the necessity for a more extended harbor with permanent safety was felt and the national government was asked to build one. After a long-drawn-out fight, San Pedro won. Since that time San Pedro has blossomed from an insignificant fishing village to an important seaport town.

The government has built a breakwater three miles long to protect the entrance to a little river which has been dredged out for a mile and a half. Ten million dollars have been appropriated by congress to build a gigantic sea wall. The work has been commenced, and it will take ten years to complete it. It is claimed that San Pedro is the largest lumber market on the Pacific coast; it also claims the largest sardine cannery in the world. It is a town of over 7,000 people, and is progressive and growing rapidly.

From San Pedro we took a steamer for Santa Catalina, called "The Magic Isle of the Pacific." It was a beautiful day with a stiff breeze a-blowing. The sea was fairly smooth, but very few on board escaped seasickness. Our attention was



San Gabriel Mission, nine miles east of Los Angeles

attracted to what seemed to be small birds skirting the waters of the bay. We watched their maneuvers interestedly and noticed that after speeding swiftly through the air from fifteen to twenty feet they would sink into the sea again. We were told that they were flying fish. We saw a great many during the trip.

The approach to Catalina Island presents a picture which can never be forgotten. The placid and translucent waters of the deepest blue fairly teem with every form of marine and piscine life. As the steamer casts anchor a number of small boats lay along side. Divers with glistening bodies of statuesque bronze are poised ready to dive into the crystal waters for coins thrown by the passengers. So adept are they in their art that the coin scarcely touches the water before like an arrow from the bow the diver, with a panther-like spring, strikes the water and seizes the coin in his teeth. It is a splendid exhibition of skill.

Glass-bottom boats are scattered over the water and for a quarter the tourist can see the pearly depths of the bay. This is called crystalized fairyland. We gazed upon the wonders of the deep. Weird, uncanny fish with round, curious eyes are seen through the glass bottom of the boat. Beautiful sea moss and flowers trail their graceful lengths over the shell-strewn floor of the sea.

At Santa Barbara we visited the Mission Santa Barbara Virgin y Martyr. This is one of the best preserved of California missions. It was founded December 4, 1786, and is within the city limits. It is the home of the Franciscan Fathers. Prayer at its altars has never ceased. We were shown through the building, which is in a splendid state of preservation. Rosaries made of Job's tears which were grown and made by the monks, were on sale for 50 cents each. Brother Dorotheas showed our party many interesting things. In his coarse, long, brown habit with thrown-back cowl and bare, sandaled feet he presented a splendid picture. The mission has a beautiful garden, through which we were shown. It is strictly private,



Ostrich Farm, Pasadena

and our being allowed the privilege of going through these grounds and private sepulchre was an unusual courtesy. A brother led us to a granite sepulchre. A narrow door was the only entrance for light. Here, sealed in narrow apertures with but a paneled inscription bearing the name and dates of birth and death, sleep the Franciscan Fathers who passed from life in the shelter of the peaceful monastery walls. There are but four empty tombs left.

From the mission we took an eighteen-mile ride over the mountains by coaches. It was a most magnificent drive. Downward, looking through topmost tree bows, we saw fertile farms and picturesque farm houses, orchards laden with fruit, oranges, lemons, figs, guava apples, olives and plums. Little hamlets nestling cozily in the peaceful valleys, the mountains towering around and above them, wild flowers, lichens, mosses and great trees covered the mountain sides. Golden grain ripe for the harvest gleamed below in the valley. The road was so narrow that we fairly held our breath when the four trusty horses made a perilous curve. The outside hind wheel beat the air, but on we went, swaying crazily from side to side, happily but fearfully expectant.

Our party made a visit to Del Monte the beautiful, and enjoyed the splendid hotel park grounds. We took a little run by electric car to quaint Monterey, one of the oldest towns in California. A visit to the old Monterey mission was made.

Within a circle of six miles about Monterey are more objects of sacred, historic, romantic and scenic interest than can be found within any other similar area in California.

Along these shores Cabrillo coasted in 1542, and on November 15th named the land-fall "Cabo de Piños" and the sheltered waters "Bahia de los Piños."

In 1603 Sebastian Vizcaino discovered Carmel river on the 14th of December, and on the 16th rounded Punta de Piños and landed at Monterey. In 1770, June 3d, Junipero Serra founded a mission, San Carlos Borromeo, on a spot near the beach within the limits of the present municipality. The



A Fallen Monarch

ashes of Serra and some of the fraters loved by him, including Crespi (the brother of his soul), repose beneath the altar; and the form of worship he established one hundred and thirty years ago still continues in celebration of high mass once each year. A monument to his memory, the gift of Mrs. Leland Stanford, occupies a commanding place in the suburbs of Monterey, overlooking the bay.

Monterey has a great number of old buildings tottering under the weight of a century. Wandering on, following the coast line, we reached Pacific Grove, a picturesque little place with the only Chinese fishing village in America. The place is on the beach, and consists of probably fifty or sixty rude huts inhabited by Chinese fishermen and their families. Long, low tables are near the water's edge, where the fish are placed to dry. This is quite an industry. Near the village, at the foot of the cliffs, are great jagged rocks which can be reached at ebb tide. Myriads of crabs can be picked up from between these rocks. We found some beautiful specimens of abalone shells, which we cut from the rocks, and some splendid specimens of star fish and sea urchins.

Santa Cruz was reached at two o'clock in the afternoon. There was a great hustling of our party to go in surf bathing. Santa Cruz is the greatest summer and winter resort in California. Half a million dollars were spent in improvements for public amusements on this the finest beach on the Pacific coast. A splendid afternoon was passed in the surf. In the evening a fine concert and reception was given in honor of our party at the Casino, a beautiful beach resort. Bright and early the next morning our party was conveyed by carriages to Big Trees, five miles from Santa Cruz. A delightful drive in the cool of the morning, through gorgeous mountain scenery, brought us to where a delicious breakfast was waiting us under the Big Trees. This is the largest grove of Sequoia Sempervirens in the world. We were shown through by the guides and saw the different famous trees. These wonderful trees, in the hollow trunk of which fifty persons can stand comfortably, are a positive revelation to those who have not



In the Surf, Santa Cruz, California

seen such mammoths before. Some of them, as they stand, have hollows in their bases equal to the temporary housing of a family. Shelter within one of them was sought by Fremont before "Days of old, days of gold, days of '49," was sung.

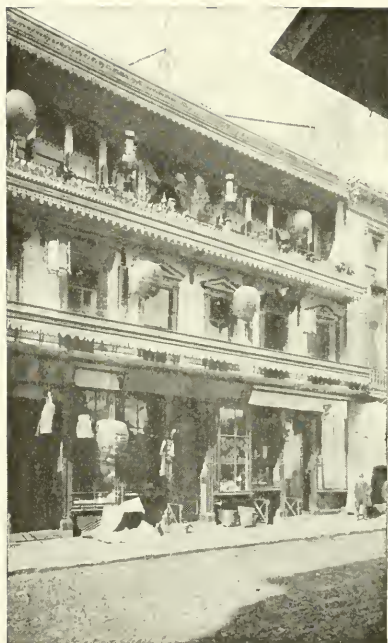
A breakfast consisting of the choicest of viands and California vintages followed. It was a magnificent sight, a thoroughly tropical scene. Imagine 326 people seated at beautifully decorated tables under the shade of these majestic monarchs of the forest. There was the silence and subdued light of the forest and the twittering of birds. A Hawaiian band dispensed the beautiful, weird music of their country. Soon the welkin rang with happy shouts of laughter. When we returned to our special train we found that the ladies of Santa Cruz had taken possession of the Pullmans and converted them into perfect bowers of beautiful blossoms and golden fruits. Great crates of oranges and figs were stacked up in the baggage car for our consumption.

This charming coast country lies about midway between the northern and southern boundaries of the state of California.

Santa Cruz city lies eighty miles southeast of San Francisco and thirty miles southwest of San Jose, on the north shore of Monterey Bay, just within the point that separates the bay from the ocean.

Santa Cruz county, of which Santa Cruz is the county seat, has an area of 320,000 acres. Nearly all of this is capable of tillage, and at least 40,000 acres of bottom land are fertile beyond belief. The county has some fifty miles of coast along the Pacific Ocean and Monterey Bay. From this thousands of acres of farming land rise in terraces to the summits of the Santa Cruz Mountains, forming an amphitheater of almost perfect aspect.

The climate is indeed ideal. No enervating heat—no icy chill. It is claimed that between summer and winter there



Street in Chinatown

Chinatown is included in that part of San Francisco bounded by Kearny, Stockton, California and Pacific Streets, and while thus surrounded closely by the life of a great American city, is as completely isolated as if it were in the midst of the Flowery Kingdom

is so little difference that the same clothing is worn at all times.

Leaving Santa Cruz, we passed through San Jose. San Jose is the home of apricots and prunes, and sends forth an abundance of peaches, plums, pears, apples, table grapes, wines, nuts, small fruits, seeds, and vegetables.

We had expected to have the pleasure of visiting Palo Alto, the home of the Leland Stanford University, but a flying glimpse was all we had of the splendid buildings surrounded by extensive grounds.

Our next stop was San Francisco, where we spent two days.

Chaperoned by thirty special policemen, our party was shown Chinatown by gaslight, that intensely interesting settlement where over 50,000 Chinese live packed like herrings in a box, in an area of less than ten square blocks. We saw them in their homes and shops, their mode of life and business. They watched us curiously from between their narrow slits of eyelids. Some were sullen and suspicious, others good natured and curious. One of the men carried a cunning little Chinese baby in his arms and the women of our party clustered around the little one and oh'd and ah'd until another Chinaman standing in close proximity exclaimed in good English, "I guess they never saw a China baby before," and then the crowd roared and the women passed on.

We were piloted through an old dilapidated tenement house and were assured by our guide that it was the place where seven Chinese lost their lives a few years ago during an outbreak by the Chinese Highbinders. The walls of dingy, dirty plaster were splashed with big, ugly blotches of what we were told was human blood of the victims. While we were mounting the stairs a vicious, yellow face appeared at the head of them. "What you want?" was asked angrily?"

"Never mind, John; we want to look around a little," said the guide.

"You go 'long 'bout your business," said the man, viciously.



A California Peach Orchard

"Now see here, my boy, don't you get too fresh. You just go inside that door and close your face or you will be sorry," said the officer, sternly.

The door closed with a terrific bang, and a number of the women of the party were in favor of not proceeding any farther, but the detective assured them there was no danger whatever, so on we went.

Owing to the size of our party it was impossible to be taken through some of the places of greatest interest, but we saw enough of the conditions that exist in 'Frisco's Chinatown to wonder how long they can exist and be tolerated in a civilized country.

We visited beautiful Golden Gate Park. This thousand-acre pleasure principality extends for more than three miles from the western margin of the city to the ocean's beach, and is a delight to the tourist. North of the park, at the beach, is the picturesque Cliff House and Seal Rocks. Here the visitor is regaled by the unusual sight of seeing ocean-washed rocks covered with a regular seal colony, whose unwieldy gambols and contests for position are endless sources of amusement to the onlookers. Our two days at San Francisco were crowded full of interest.





Cliff House and Seal Rocks, San Francisco

San Francisco is probably the only city in the world where one can, from the open doors of a pleasure resort within the city limits, find sea lions blinking at him only a stone's throw away.

CHAPTER VII.

Mount Tamalpais.

June 23, 1905.

ONE of the most enjoyable experiences, however, was the trip we took from San Francisco to Mount Tamalpais. Four special cars conveyed us over the eight and one-fifth miles of mountain railroad, which winds in and out and forms a great bowknot on the side of this wonderful mountain. After two hours of travel we reached the summit. Great mountains covered with snow, winding rivers, verdure-covered foothills, and the broad expanse of the glittering Pacific Ocean lay in one glorious kaleidoscope of color before us. A filmy white cloud floated beneath us; seven cities lay at our feet. It was a scene which filled the spectator with awe by its magnitude.

The Mount Tamalpais Scenic Railway was built in 1896. The road is a standard broad-gauge railroad, with steam, oil-burning, traction locomotives of a special type. This mountain-climbing railway is not a cog road; it has no steep inclines; the grade is gradual, averaging about five feet to the hundred.

There are 281 curves in a distance of eight and one-fifth miles, during which there is an ascent of about 2,500 feet, nearly a half mile, the steepest grade being about seven per cent. If in following the tortuous course the curves had been continuous, there would be forty-two complete circles made. The longest straight piece of track is but 413 feet, and, strange to say, is in the crookedest part of the road—the “Double Bowknot.” About half way up the mountain, on a broad southern shoulder, where the track of the railroad parallels itself five times within a distance of about 300 feet, is, as the name denotes, an almost perfect “double bowknot.” The fact of



Broadway, Los Angeles

overcoming the grades in such a short distance and in such an ingenious way has caused the "Double Bowknot" on Mt. Tamalpais to be pronounced one of the greatest of railroad engineering feats.

The trip to Mt. Tamalpais may be said to begin at the Union Ferry Depot, foot of Market street, San Francisco, for there starts the ferry to Sausalito, taking a northwesterly course, running close to the wharves and shipping of San Francisco, at the same time affording an excellent view of the many points of interest about the bay. Telegraph Hill, with its houses clinging to the edge of precipitous cliffs, Fort Mason and the Presidio, with its military aspect, the magnificent Golden Gate, the Berkeley shore, Alcatraz Island, with its Government prison and fortifications, can be plainly seen.

At Sausalito, a pretty suburban town overlooking the bay, you connect with the North Shore Railroad, running along Richardson's Bay to the base of the mountain, six miles distant, arriving at Mill Valley, known as "The Little Switzerland." Stepping off the train, to your right you will find the cars of the Mountain Railroad in waiting.

Through a fine forest of redwood, the wondrously beautiful canyon of Blithedale, past beautiful suburban homes, with their pretty ponds and lakes, Marsh's Japanese village and its quaint Oriental houses, the Mountain Railroad takes you. As the train climbs the elevation, the tourist sees wooded canyons filled with redwoods, madronas, oaks and mountain laurels. The trip to Mt. Tamalpais is one that will remain a cherished treasure in memory's halls.

We visited Berkeley, and had a pleasant hour going through the University there. Our special had been transferred from San Francisco to Oakland, 16th street, and after the trip to Mt. Tamalpais our party crossed the bay to Oakland, and from there took the trip to Berkeley. Oakland is a rapidly growing, progressive city, with a population largely beyond its first hundred thousand, and is a favorite resident place for many business men of San Francisco. In approach-

ing Oakland the train traverses the water front of Berkeley. The location of this city is a beautiful one, as it looks out through the Golden Gate to the ocean, more than a score of miles distant. The University of California, richly endowed and generously fostered by the State, is located here.

We were very much interested in the Oakland Pier, which is at the terminus of what is called Oakland Mole, and extends



City Hall, San Francisco, California



"The Golden Gate,"
San Francisco, California

nearly one mile into the bay, that deep water may be had for its fleet of ferry boats, also receiving and sheltering an endless throng of ships coming from all over the globe to the metropolis of the Pacific.

At Oakland our train was put on the largest ferry boat in the world, and ferried over the Carquinez Strait. This ferry boat can carry a train of twenty cars and two engines.

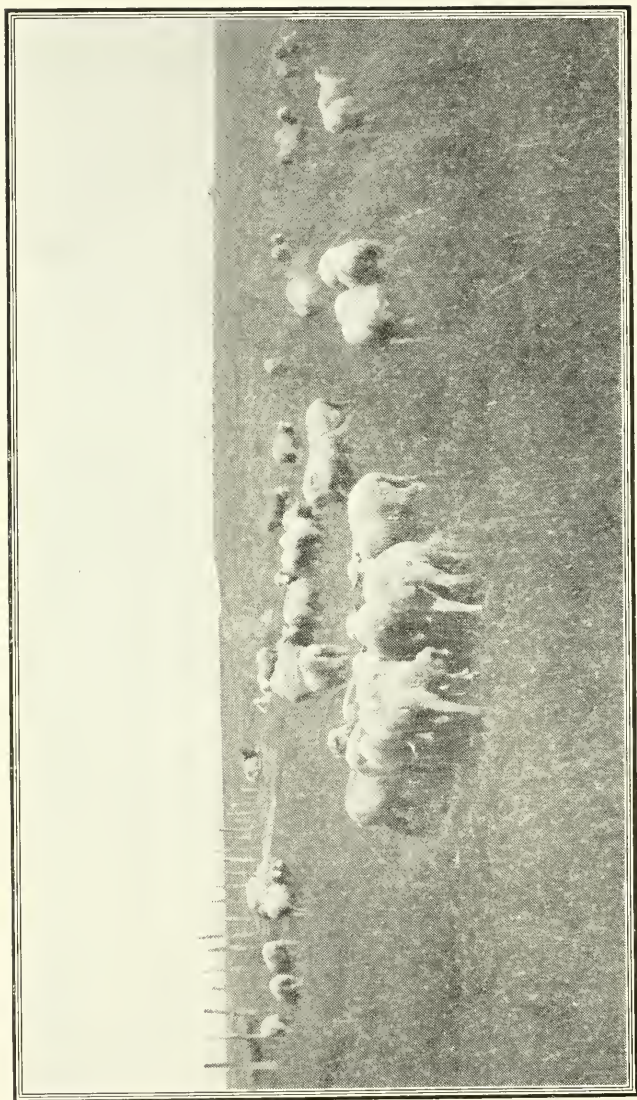
Our next stop was Sacramento, the capital of California. It has a population of 32,000, is compactly built, and covers an area of about four square miles, with broad streets of an average width of eighty feet, and is wholly lighted by electricity.

Sacramento claims to be one of the earliest settled places in the State. In 1839, General John A. Sutter established his fort, which is practically the same to-day as it was when built. We visited the old fort and found it a very interesting place, well stocked with curious relics of earlier days. We spent a very pleasant evening at a reception in the State Capitol Building, which was erected at a cost of \$3,000,000. One of the best mineral exhibits in California can be seen at the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery, the pride of Sacramento, which contains paintings valued at more than a half million dollars.

The Southern Pacific Railway Company has its great railway shops here, covering 110 acres of ground, and employing over 3,000 skilled workmen.

The beautiful Sacramento Valley is called by enthusiasts "The brightest jewel in the tiara of the Queen State of the Great American Republic." It is spoken of as "An empire before which the petty principalities of Europe are dwarfed into insignificance; a territory containing fourteen counties, any of which are larger than some of those old world domains; a valley nearly as long as the great State of New York and containing more than 3,000 square miles of the finest land adapted to farming and fruit raising."

Overlooking the fertile Sacramento Valley towers Mount Shasta, whose white-capped peak is visible to the naked eye on clear days from the dome of the State capitol at Sacramento, nearly 200 miles away.



An Oregon Sheep Ranch

CHAPTER VIII.

The Glorious Shasta Route.

June 24, 1905.

WE left Sacramento in the evening. From San Antonio, Texas, until we arrived at Sacramento we had been in the care of the Southern Pacific Railway and traveling over its road. From Sacramento we took the Shasta Route, and arrived in Dunsmuir, Oregon, the following morning. At the break of day our party were up enjoying the magnificent scenery of the Shasta Mountains, which have been called "The Switzerland of America."

Description fails in painting the wonders of this paradise. The beautiful Sacramento River rushing madly over its rock-strewn bed, tiny cataracts dashing, foaming, to the river bed below, and the glorious fragrance of the mountain heliotrope which abounds everywhere, combine to produce another Eden. Crossing the mountains, our train crept slowly over trestles of terrifying height, spanning wonderful canyons, beautifully wooded with splendid trees. Rare mountain flowers growing on perilous peaks are frequently seen.

Shasta Springs was reached at noon. Grand old Shasta towered majestically above the surrounding range, lifting his hoary head to the sun. Our train stopped long enough for us to explore the beauties of the scenery and to drink the refreshing water of the springs. Shasta Springs, with its beautiful falls, cataracts and glorious mountain scenery, is simply sublime.

On leaving Shasta Springs we continued over the mountains, finally reaching an elevation of 4,500 feet. Winding in and out of tunnels, crossing great trestles spanning gorges

and chasms, we finally reached the beautiful little city of Ashland, which lies at the foot of the mountains. This is the great fruit country of the Willamette Valley. Great crates of the most delicious cherries were put on the train for us. This is also the rose center of the State. Glorious fruits, flowers and grains are raised in great abundance.

At Medford, Oregon, fruits and flowers were again showered upon us. We breakfasted at Salem, the capital of Oregon, and the commercial center for parts of Polk, Yamhill, Linn and Clackamas counties. There are probably 125,000 people now in the immediate patronizing territory. There is room for a million.

The Oregon Penitentiary, Asylum for the Insane, Reform School, Deaf Mute School, School for the Blind, general offices—in fact all the purely State institutions, offices and officers—are located here, being so provided in the State Constitution.

Salem has a population of about 14,000. It is the prune center of Oregon. Three-quarters of the 150,000 Angora goats of the State are found within a radius of fifty miles. Most of the mohair is marketed here and in Dallas. There is room in the same territory, it is claimed, for a million goats. Goat raising is considered a most profitable and reliable industry.



CHAPTER IX.

“Grand Old Oregon.”

“Go west, young man.”—Horace Greeley.

June 26, 1905.

PORTLAND, Oregon, was reached after a most interesting trip. But before I go into any details about Portland as a city, I wish to speak of Oregon as a State.

There is no better place in the growing west for the enterprising young men of the east and Middle States to locate for life and reap the benefits of the great activities now being developed on the Pacific coast. There was wisdom in Horace Greeley's advice, “Go west, young man.”

In the next twenty-five years Oregon is bound to grow into a great, populous and prosperous State. No country on earth surpasses in natural resources the territory within her borders. Travel America over, take the Nile country in its most flourishing days, the vastly rich country in the East Indies, and nothing can be found that will exceed in richness and variety of production the beautiful lands surrounding Salem, the capital of Oregon.

The State of Oregon, the Willamette Valley in particular, has earned for itself the reputation for raising the best hops in the world. Hop land can be bought from \$30 to \$50 an acre, and good yards in this vicinity yield from 1,200 to 1,500 pounds to the acre, which means a handsome profit to the grower.

Oregon is nearly square in form, being 275 miles from north to south and about 350 from east to west. Contains 95,274 square miles or 60,076,000 acres, consisting of valleys, hills, tablelands and mountains. In the western part is the beautiful

Willamette Valley, which is bounded on the south by the Calapoopa Mountains and on the north by the Columbia River.

From Portland, Oregon, a number of our party visited the beautiful Dalles. In this eighty-eight-mile stretch Nature has made a scenic panorama of valley and hill, mountain and river, field and forest, great high and picturesque walls of rock, fern and moss covered crags, gorges and cascades that has no equal. The extreme wildness and beauty of the scenery is almost indescribable. Towering heavenward are the beautiful snow-capped peaks of Mount Hood, Mount Adams and Mount Saint Helens. During the entire trip from Portland to the Dalles the sightseer is regaled with incomparable views, about which volumes have been written but whose grandeur and sublimity must be seen to be appreciated. On either side huge precipices tower skyward, while more than twenty cascades, half hidden by tree and vine, race over verdure-clad walls of rock.



CHAPTER X.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition.

June 27, 1905.

FROM the Dalles we returned to Portland. The site of the Lewis and Clark Exposition is a beautiful city and one full of interest. A beautiful, romantic history runs through the discovery by Lewis and Clark of the only territory that made it possible for the United States to make acquisition by right of discovery. Sacajawea, the heroine of the story, was one of the three slave-wives of a French Canadian voyageur who acted as interpreter for the explorers. She was a full-blooded Shoshone Indian, who had been captured by the enemies of her tribe, the Mintarees, and sold by them to Charbonneau, who had been an interpreter among the Gros Ventre Indians, having joined the expedition at Fort Mandan, the Lewis and Clarke headquarters, during the winter of 1804 and 1805.

Charbonneau in company with two Indian wives whom he had just purchased, together with Sacajawea, his latest acquisition, were invited to the fort to witness the dancing on Christmas day. February 11, 1804, Sacajawea gave birth to a son, who accompanied her throughout the long journey through the wilderness.

Charbonneau, who was quarrelsome, and whose haggling about terms with the party almost lost him the position of interpreter and guide, would never have been retained by the party except for the knowledge that his Indian wife, Sacajawea, possessed of the country through which the explorers must pass to reach the Pacific. This ignorant, uncultured daughter of barbarism proved ever a faithful wife to the degenerate French voyageur who was her master rather than lover

or friend, and whose affections (if any) she was obliged to share with two other Indian women. Ignorant of the simplest rule of propriety, this remarkable woman conducted herself with such dignity and poise as to win the admiration and respect of the entire party. She toiled incessantly, and did the work of a man in the perilous trip up the Missouri from Fort Mandan. The papers and instruments of the expedition party were carried in the canoe in which Sacajawea, her husband and babe rode. The canoe was caught in a whirlpool or rapid and overturned. Charbonneau deserted both wife and child, but the brave Indian woman rescued the more important papers before she attempted to save the life of herself or infant son.

Sacajawea then became the actual leader. It is said that at a period of great distress she gave Captain Lewis a piece of bread which she had been saving for a long time, intending in case of emergency to use it for her baby. At the close of the expedition Charbonneau received \$500 for his services, and Sacajawea, the saviour of the expedition, received no compensation whatever. A beautiful statue made of Oregon copper at a cost of \$7,000 has been erected to her memory in Columbia Court, the central plaza of the exposition.

The statue, executed by Miss Alice Cooper, of Denver, represents a young woman with a papoose strapped to her back. The woman is pointing toward the distant sea, her face radiant.

Thus after years have rolled on since the bravery of this remarkable Indian woman, tardy recognition is at last being made to her memory.

Two days were spent in Portland seeing the fair. The Lewis and Clark Exposition is not as vast as the Chicago World's Fair, being much smaller, but the natural beauty of the site, with its exquisitely kept grounds, is very artistic and pleasing to the eye.

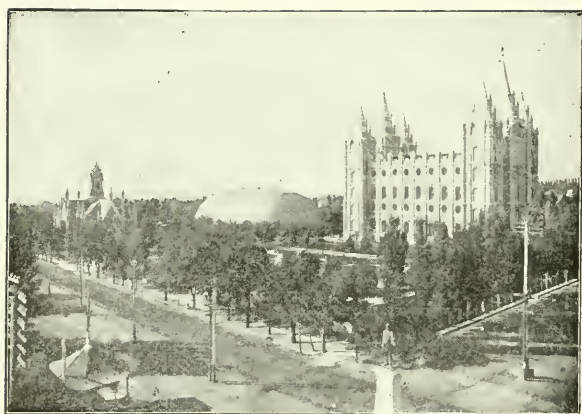
Ten large exhibit palaces formed the nucleus of the exposition. Around these cluster the State, Territorial and concessions buildings, special pavilions, the Administration group,

the Auditorium, and numerous smaller pseudo-exhibit structures. The main exhibit palaces are: Agricultural, Liberal and Industrial Arts, Foreign Exhibits, Forestry, Horticultural, Mines and Metallurgy, United States Government Exhibit Building, Oceanic Building, United States Fisheries, Forestry and Irrigation Building, Machinery, Electricity and Transportation. The Forestry Building, constructed entirely of huge logs felled in the Oregon forests, is the most striking architectural creation ever seen at an exposition. The United States Government Building occupies the Peninsula in the center of Guild's Lake. It covers three acres, cost \$250,000, and has two towers, each of which is 260 feet high.

Life, color, demonstration and motion are the chief features of all departments of the exposition.

Portland, the exposition city, has 130,000 inhabitants. Within a radius of 300 miles of Portland there are 1,200,000 people, and within 500 miles there are 1,900,000. Total cost of exposition, \$5,000,000.





Temple and Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah
Courtesy Burlington Route

CHAPTER XL

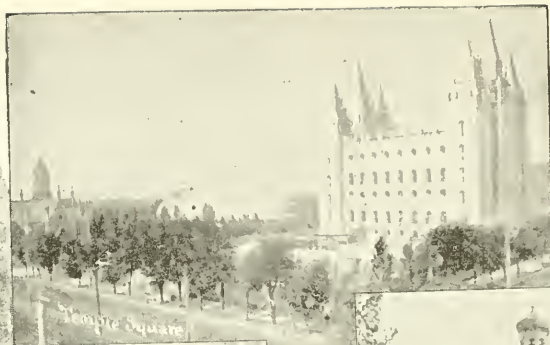
The Wonders of Utah.

June 29, 1905.

AFTER leaving Oregon, Idaho was passed through. From the car window a beautiful agricultural country, rich in products of the field, was seen. One stop, and that at Tampa, we soon reached the borders of quaint and modern Utah. A brief stop at Ogden, and our special was transferred to the tracks of the Rio Grande Railroad and conveyed by that line to Salt Lake City.

The State of Utah covers 85,000 square miles of territory and embraces within its borders every condition of climate from temperate to semi-tropical. It lies along the western slope of the Rocky Mountains and is the natural center of a vast area which is rapidly coming to be regarded as the richest section of the Union in natural resources and potential development. It was settled in 1847, by Mormon pioneers, and in the comparatively brief period that has elapsed since then it had made such marvelous strides in material, social and business progress as to excite the wonder and admiration of the observer. Within the memory of many of its citizens, the country enclosed by its boundary lines was an arid, treeless and uninhabited desert; today it is the home of 300,000 industrious, prosperous and patriotic people; its valleys are filled to the mountainside with fields of waving grain and orchards of choicest fruits, and its educational and charitable institutions are among the best in the land.

A special train conveyed our party from Salt Lake City to beautiful Saltair. One of the grandest sights for the traveler who visits the city of Salt Lake is the great Pavilion located at Saltair Beach, on the Great Salt Lake. It is thirteen miles due west from Salt Lake City.



Views
in
Salt Lake
City



Brigham Young's
Grave

The various buildings of the immense pavilion form a symmetrical group. The magnitude of this great structure can be readily imagined, as its length is 1,200 and width 355 feet. The lower floor is used for a refreshment room, and is provided with tables and seats enough to accommodate over a thousand persons at one time. The upper floor, which is one of the largest floors in the world, its dimensions being 140x250 feet of clear floor space without a pillar or obstruction of any kind, is used for dancing. A thousand couples dancing at once is a frequent sight to be witnessed at this resort. The Great Salt Lake is 4,218 feet above the sea level. The water is a veritable salt brine. Wherever a splash of water touches a dry crust of salt forms. The salt is very coarse and looks like granulated sugar.

From Saltair we returned to Salt Lake City, to the great Mormon tabernacle. Salt Lake City was founded July 24, 1847, by a company of Mormons, led by Brigham Young. The population is 85,000. The Tabernacle is full of interest. It is one of the largest auditoriums in this country and possesses acoustic properties unequaled by any other structure in America. The interior construction is so near perfect that the dropping of a pin can be heard at a distance of over 200 feet. The seats seen in close proximity to the organ accommodate an unpaid choir of 500 singers. The great organ, which in all probability is the most widely and favorably known pipe organ in the world, is at the west end of the tabernacle.

We were royally entertained in the Mormon Tabernacle with a splendid recital on the world-famous pipe organ. When the organ and choir join forces it is a tidal wave of sweetest harmony, of grand tone.

Utah is one of the most interesting States in the Union.



Tithing House, Salt Lake City, Utah

Courtesy Rio Grande Railroad



Saltair Beach on Great Salt Lake

Courtesy Rio Grande Railroad



Mount of the Holy Cross

Courtesy Burlington Route



Suspended Bridge in Royal Gorge

Courtesy Burlington Route

CHAPTER XII.

Colorado's Wonderland.

July 1, 1905.

THROUGH the Rocky Mountains en route to Manitou and Colorado Springs the scenery was simply splendid. Truly the mountainous region, with its wonderful canyons, great gorges, foaming cataracts and sparkling mountain streams, is a scene which must be witnessed to be thoroughly appreciated. We stopped for fifteen minutes at the Royal Gorge. On either side immense walls of solid granite rear their lofty heads to the blue sky above. The gorge is about the width of a narrow street. The mad, rushing waters of a mountain stream dashing over its rocky bed is spanned by an iron railroad bridge.

It is a night and day journey from Salt Lake City to Pueblo, Colorado. During that time most of the trip was through the mountains. It was a raw, drizzly day, and at one time while a rain was falling and beating against the car windows we could look but a short distance and see the snow falling rapidly and silently in the mountains above us. It was a wonderful sight.

Here and there in the mountains are small cabins or huts of the prospectors searching for gold. Great shafts and machinery in active operation were seen frequently.

We made a short stop at Pueblo for Sunday evening supper and were pleased with that thriving city. Colorado Springs was reached the next morning. Our party was eager for the trip up Pike's Peak. An early start was made and we were taken by the cog-wheel railroad up the mountain. The start was pleasant, the weather being magnificent; after traveling



The Georgetown Loop

Courtesy Burlington Route

over the mountain for a short time it became colder and wraps were resorted to. The trip affected several of the party, one suffering from nosebleed, from the rarity of the atmosphere. A magnificent panorama could be seen from the top of the mountain. At our feet nestled Manitou, a little farther Colorado City, and still farther Colorado Springs. The ground was covered with snow. We were told to brush away the snow, which we did, and we found the most beautiful little blossoms growing in the crevices between the rocks hidden in the snow. These flowers are called Rocky Mountain forget-me-nots, and are of a beautiful dark blue shade and very fragrant.

The summit of Pike's Peak is a barren pile of huge rocks. There is a small observatory building located there, which also contains a most unique postoffice owing to its utter seclusion from the world.

The trip to Pike's Peak and return consumes four hours' time. Little burros could be seen plodding their way up the foot of the mountain, and numerous tourists rode the patient little beasts through the Garden. We drove by coach through the Garden of the Gods, a natural garden of wonderful rock formations shaped like animals and different objects. Here we saw the famous balanced rock, a huge stone so exquisitely balanced as to keep its equilibrium although swayed by every passing breeze.

Manitou is a beautiful little city nestling at the foot of Pike's Peak. The climate is delightful and the surroundings superb.

Colorado Springs, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, is seven miles distant. It is 6,000 feet above sea level.

We left the Springs in the afternoon, arriving in Denver in a short time. A committee from the Chamber of Commerce were awaiting us at the depot, and we were taken to the Savoy, where an elaborate lunch was awaiting us.



Pikes Peak from Garden of the Gods

Courtesy Burlington Route



Falls Near Rifle, Colorado

Courtesy Burlington Route

A most delightful two hours' ride about the city in the electric cars was enjoyed. Denver, while a city of the plains, lying "wide-open to the sun," in the broad, gentle depression of the Platt Valley, has one of the finest mountain views in the world.

We left at ten o'clock the same night via the Burlington route for Chicago. The trip from Denver home was a very pleasant one. After four weeks of gorgeous scenery, rushing mountain streams, awe-inspiring canyons and gorges, the beautiful green fields of Nebraska and Iowa were a welcome sight. A ten-minute stop at Omaha, then we were in actual reality homeward bound. How good the waving corn fields of Illinois looked to my tired sight seeing vision can only be conjectured. After all, go where you will, visit the most interesting and beautiful States in our Union, and when the train rolls into the home depot a long breath is taken and the thought comes instinctively, "It is good to be home once more."



Pikes Peak from Colorado Springs

Courtesy Burlington Route



1. Mt. Shasta on Shasta Route
2. Donner Lake in High Sierras on Ogden Route
3. Mission Santa Barbara on Coast Line—Sunset Route

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